

War Elbows Art Out of Sculptor's Studio

**Sarah Morris Green
Has Laid Her Modelling Tools Aside
and Is Entertaining
Soldiers and Sailors
in the Picturesque
Surroundings of a
Transformed Stable**

RENDEZ-VOUS DES POILUS

7 West Ninth Street
New York

Soldats et Marins Français et Allies
Sont Cordialement Invités

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Tous les jours de Every afternoon

2 à 6 h. from 2 to 6

Recreations Recreation

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SO reads the invitation to the first sculptor's studio opened to men in uniform. As a result Mrs. John S. Wise, known to art lovers as Sarah Morris Green, has laid aside her modelling tools for the duration of the war, devoting her time and her studio to the entertainment of soldiers and sailors.

The boarding of the green fence that hides the courtyard of the studio is now covered with bright signs to catch the eye of the passer by. You simply lift the latch and walk in, discovering an oasis in the hot city. Green branches cover the walls of the houses on either side, great bowls of flowers stand on tables and on the floors, and before you open the wide doors of the one time stable that is now a charming studio.

Its cool, large room is hung in white. More flowers, punch bowls filled with lemonade, plates of cake, trays of cigarettes and a gayly chatting group of men and young women.

Such is one's first large impression.

A Memorial to Her Son.

The idea came suddenly to Mrs. Wise. She says it seemed like an inspiration, for this work is a memorial to her only son, Jack, one of the first and youngest American aviators to lose his life in France. It occurred to the mother that in this studio and courtyard her son had held his parties and had brought his friends. Why, then, should not the boys in uniform come there now? Within three days the pavilion, for it cannot be called a canteen, was opened.

It is easy to open a place, to spread the news about. A number of young women had been asked by Mrs. Wise to come and serve them—to play, sing, dance, entertain generally—but how was she to get the boys to come. She called in the two young sons of Chester J. Wagner, and at 11 o'clock on the day of the opening young Chester and Herbert, in their Boy Scout uniforms, were out on Fifth avenue and the cross streets with a bundle of small printed cards.

As a result, in the opening day thirty uniformed men came through the green door to the courtyard. Chester and Herbert are still at work, and if you are in



Miss Edna Aug entertaining men in the service at the studio of Mrs. John S. Wise (Sarah Morris Green). Mrs. Wise is standing in the background.

uniform you may at any time receive the neatly printed invitation.

Now the studio pavilion is running steadily. The concrete courtyard floor is used for dancing. One afternoon, when the girls were all taken, sailors and soldiers danced together. Miss Antoinette Doughty moved about among those still seated with a large tray of glasses of lemonade, and over at a far table sat Mrs. Wise's mother, Mrs. Green, making some alterations in knitted socks.

Inside the pavilion a young musician and a soldier sat at the piano playing "chop sticks." The musician is a real musician, but any boy who feels like joining in a duet is at perfect liberty to pull up a chair and go to it.

Everything Is Free.

There are some decidedly serious moments in the pavilion. All is not seeking for pleasure. At a table in a corner sat an English captain; about him were gathered a number of American boys all listening earnestly to his conversation, while he illustrated with a box of dominoes his story of a big battle or of some strategic move.

There is absolutely nothing in the pavilion that can be paid for. All is absolutely free. But you are not told this: it comes to you through the atmosphere, which is one of a delightful party given to chosen guests. Mrs. Wise stood idle a minute near the sculptured bust of young Jack; about the bust were pictures of him in uniform, and pictures of Richard Mansfield 2d, who lost his life on the aviation field and was a dear friend of Jack's. Several times a week Mrs. Mansfield sends in flowers from her country home, and these with flowers from other estates keep the pavilion blooming.

"I wanted to do something directly for the boys," said Mrs. Wise. "I wanted to make them happy for a little time if I could. It is my great desire to have every boy who comes here feel absolutely at home. There are magazines for them, including English publications, and all the French magazines I can get at the shops for those who do not read English. At first I meant only to have the afternoons, but several of the boys came to

me and asked if the studio was open evenings. They said that it would be so good to have a nice place to go to in the evening, so now we are open three nights a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 o'clock.

"Art? My work? Why, I consider this my work during the war, and just as long as it is needed I certainly shall give my time to it. Art is important, but the needs of the boys are more so. I am here every day, of course, but some of my good friends play hostess for me. There are Miss Eleanor Sanxay, Mrs. K. Knox, Miss Antoinette Doughty, Mrs. Oliver Smith, Mrs. Wearne, Miss Thomas and Mrs. Sheldon of Greenwich. When one of these friends take a day she manages to bring several young women with her, for it is difficult to get the right sort of young women to entertain the boys."

If you want to spend a pleasant evening and help make things bright for the boys, go to the studio. You will be welcome, and perhaps you may find an earnest group studying French, for a French friend of Mrs. Wise has volunteered to give those boys who wish it a simple conversation course.

Auto Trips for Soldiers.

Now, if you were a soldier from out of town and this were your first whack at New York city, and you didn't know just how to get about, what would you think if one morning you happened to be in the rooms of the War Community Service Camp of the Harvard unit, Thirty-third street and Seventh avenue, and a neatly uniformed woman came into the rooms and asked if five boys wanted to go about town and see New York? Wouldn't you be pleased?

That happens three times a week and sometimes more, when Capt. T. A. Wilson of the emergency relief organization of the Police Department drives up in her car, which flies a pennant with a service star for her foster son now in France.

Since May Capt. Wilson has been devoting several days a week to this work and Mr. Merrill of the Harvard unit declares it is a blessing.

"Before he went to France," said Capt. Wilson, "my dear boy used to go about

a good deal with me. Then when he was in camp and came home on furlough he would bring friends and we used to take them about town. Many had not seen the city. Finally he went away and I became fearfully lonesome driving about by myself or not driving at all. One day I was passing the Harvard unit and it occurred to me that some boy in there might enjoy a ride, so I stopped and asked. I took four that first day, and when I saw that it was a real pleasure to them I spoke to Mr. Merrill about making it a regular thing.

Other Women Could Help.

"Sometimes the boys only have half a day to spend and I take four in the morning and four or five in the afternoon. The car comfortably holds five of us, but sometimes we squeeze in five boys instead of four. Even at that rate I can't carry more than thirty to forty boys a week, and there are more than that number who would like to go out every day.

"If a number of women would get together, or even act singly and give their cars one day a week, every one of these boys from out of town might see New York and its environs and have a happy time.

"I don't care where we go as long as it suits the boys. Sometimes some of them have shopping to do, so shopping we go. Coney Island is sometimes in demand. I have been down there five times with them. The best way is to take a vote and find out where the majority want to go, and it is possible frequently to please them all, for you can cover a good bit of ground in one day with a machine. Riverside Drive they always like, and it has affected me much when I have taken French boys out to see them when we reached Anna Hyatt's beautiful statue of Joan of Arc. I always slow up when we come to it, and the minute they recognize it off come the caps. Sometimes I have been asked to stop that they might see it better.

"When the boys want to go to the beach to bathe we go and all go in together. It makes them feel that they do not have to hurry, for I am not sitting in the car waiting for them to come out."

New Supply of Much Needed Sulphur Found in Coal Mine Waste

WAR TIME has put sulphur at a premium.

This country's supply of the element came from Sicily at one time. In the early '90s a chemist named Herman Frasch, then in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, discovered a way of getting at the deep sulphur deposits in Louisiana which previously had been considered unavailable. Frasch's plan was to force hot water down to the deposit and then draw up the melted sulphur with suction pumps. The Standard Oil men saw nothing in the plan.

Frasch left them and succeeded in interesting capitalists, most of whom lived in Montclair, N. J. The result was the Union Sulphur Company, whose operations were so successful that its securities are understood to have multiplied within a few years one hundredfold in value. Such was the opinion of Frasch's executors when he died in Paris in 1914

leaving an estate valued at \$5,000,000, which doubled before it was finally settled up.

There was also the estate of Louis Severance, who bought 175 shares of Union Sulphur at par. Appraisal after his death placed them at \$2,500 each, but before the State Comptroller got through this was revised upward to \$12,300 each.

Another sulphur deposit was found in Texas, but search for more has failed to turn up anything worth while. At present the United States is using about 150,000 tons of sulphur a month, which is said to be a little more than the Texas and Louisiana mines are producing. Our steadily increasing output of high explosives is steadily increasing the demand and mining engineers say there is no certainty that the Texas and Louisiana deposits will continue for an indefinite time to yield at the present rate.

Not long ago a committee of the Senate held a hearing on the sulphur situa-

tion, taking the testimony of experts. The weight of opinion was that the nation's best reliance for further home supplies of sulphur was upon the iron pyrites, called "brasses" by the coal miners, which occur in quantity through many of the nation's deposits of coal.

These "brasses" are chunks of iron sulphide, with impurities of the coal and of rock. They are picked out of the coal and tossed as waste on the culm (coal dust) dumps, where they often take fire by oxidation and cause the almost inextinguishable smolderings that eat, sometimes for years, into the dumps, seriously interfering with coal mining.

How to separate the sulphur from the "brasses" is a problem which appears to have been solved by S. W. Young, professor of physical chemistry in Stanford University. Prof. Young's "thiogen" process is to bake the "brasses" in a special type of furnace and pass the gas given off into a reaction chamber, where,

in the presence of what chemists call a catalytic reagent, the sulphur is deposited.

The bureau of mines has investigated the process and published a bulletin on it. Process and bulletin were the answer of the engineers called by the Senate committee to Senator Henderson's inquiry as to what could be done if the Southern sulphur mines should fall far behind the national need or play out altogether.

The available quantity of coal "brasses" is virtually unlimited. The engineers insisted that a very few 500 ton a day thiogen plants would insure us a sulphur supply. Meanwhile, sulphur has jumped within two months from \$45 a ton to almost any price the fortunate seller cares to name.

The estimated cost of recovering sulphur from coal "brasses" by the thiogen process is \$8 a ton. Evidently a golden or at least a sulphur colored opportunity awaits the installers of thiogen process plants.